

# The Bossier Banner.

Established July 1, 1859.

"A Map of Busy Life; Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns."

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XXXIII.

BENTON, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

NUMBER 52.

## THE HOUR OF PEACE.

Upon the doorstep sat the wife,  
The twilight falling,  
And far below the whippoorwill  
Were softly calling.  
The sweet winds dropped upon their way  
Their honeyed plunder,  
And slow and clear the night built up  
Its house of wonder.  
Within the child dreamed deep, and saw  
Four angels keeping  
Their gentle watch with drooping wings  
About his sleeping.  
While slinging from the steep below,  
Where shadows slumbered,  
Her true love climbed, and in his heart  
His treasures numbered.  
And sighing faintly to herself  
With purest pleasure,  
Life brimming at her lips to full  
She marveled if the happy earth,  
This summer even,  
Were not the paved road laid before  
The courts of Heaven.  
And yet a cold wind from the cloud  
To snatch in blowing  
The little breath between the lips  
So lightly flowing:  
A pebble underfoot where sheer  
The rock descended—  
Ah, Fate! What slender chances held  
Her heaven suspended!

—Harpér's Bazar.

## AN OUTLAW'S HEROINE.

Together They Perished on the Great Western Desert.

Manalillo was only a collection of adobe huts, huddled under the eye of the burning sun, in the midst of the burning Arizona desert.

Maybe it had been there a hundred years—maybe twice that time—for its annals were writ only in the sands of the wide, brown plain, and that which is written there to-day the wind covereth to-morrow.

But presently the railroad came, and with it signs of development. A ranchman gathered up the nucleus of a flock of sheep; some miners outfitted and went prospecting in the mountains; a fellow who had some smattering of science went off by himself into the heart of the Apache country, and came back with opals, rich with strange fire.

These, and others like them, came to look upon Manalillo as their base for supplies; the place grew in importance; people from a farther district began to come hither, and many riders, in fantastic dress, were seen upon the streets. Some of these riders it would have been difficult to classify. They were certainly neither ranchmen nor miners. It might not have been a serious matter to call them gamblers. Some of them were more than suspected of having helped to "hold up" the Fort Stanton stage on occasion; more than one rode a horse for which he had never exchanged an equivalent.

In the terse vernacular of the southwest, they were simply "bad men."

It was because this portion had become too numerous that the leading citizens decided society must be reorganized, and they went about the task methodically.

Among these "bad men," the name of Domingo Juarez led all the rest, and it was decided by those having authority in the matter that Juarez must "go," preparatory to the establishment of an orderly community.

When Ameda Torreon rode into Manalillo that afternoon to exchange a goat's fleece for a measure of meal she learned that matters of grave importance were afoot.

A good three leagues from Manalillo was the ranch where Vicente Torreon, her father, herded a few goats and basked in the sun all day, asking little in life except to be left alone.

The night was still as it was white, except for the far-yeeping of a coyote or the hoot of an owl.

After a time the sound of distant hoofbeats was added to these. A horseman drew in sight, silhouetted against the clear sky, rode up to them at an easy lope and halted in front of the hut.

"You are glad to see me," said the rider, sarcastically, as neither the man nor the girl stirred; "it is worth riding far for such welcome."

"We are tired," answered Armeta indifferently.

"Yes, Domingo, we do something besides play, we," grunted Torreon.

The horseman flung himself down beside the girl. "Tell me," he said.

"We have lost the new goats."

"The ones you had from the Englishman?"

Torreon chuckled a silent assent, remembering how they had gotten them.

"Did he come for them?" asked Domingo.

"Bah, no! He has not that courage. They have strayed away, up the arroyo."

"Don't let your poor goats interfere with your pleasures," she said, "doubtless some one will miss you if you are not there."

"The devil, no! You know it is not that, Armeta. But there will be some good play to-night."

"Oh! very well. I shall go for the goats again, when I have rested."

"What? Up the arroyo? To-night? That is nonsense. See here—I will go if you will promise me—"

"I will not promise. If you cannot do this for me—"

"I shall go, he said quickly. "I shall go and find your goats."

He turned and rode away. And Armeta stood and watched until he was well out of sight and hearing. Then she went into the bit of chapparal and returned, driving before her a dozen fine Angora goats, whose long silken coats showed, even in the moonlight, the purity of their breeding.

"If he rides till he finds them he will not be in Manalillo this night," she said, contentedly, to herself, as she fastened the flock securely in the inclosure.

It wanted yet two hours of dawn when Armeta, lying awake with some unformed fear upon her heart, heard again the sound of approaching hoofs. She arose, drew a blanket hastily about her and went outside the hut. In an instant Domingo was by her side and leaned from his saddle and whispered:

"Get my pistols, quick! The regulators are behind, and I have but one."

Not pausing to question, she went inside, put on some clothing swiftly, came out and ran to the corral, where she saddled and mounted her father's horse. Then she wheeled to the side of Domingo, handed him a pistol and placed two in her own belt. Domingo laid his hand on her arm.

"Have you thought?" he asked.

"Yes," was the firm reply.

"If you go with me now you cannot return."

"I know."

"It will be a race for life."

"Yes, yes," she said, impatiently; "let us be gone."

Just then the goats, aroused by the unusual stir at so early an hour, began to move restlessly. This seemed to remind Domingo of something. He spoke hesitatingly.

"Armeta, I did not go after the goats."

"I know. It does not matter. They were not lost. You have been to Manalillo. I tried to keep you away."

"They were not lost? Good! We are quits, then."

With this the outlaw bent toward his companion and drew her toward him and kissed her on the lips. Then they settled themselves well in their saddles, laid the reins loosely on the necks of their horses and rode toward the coming dawn.

For a long time they rode silently, neck and neck. When the red streaks of the approaching day began to show across the bare, brown plain the girl looked about her and shuddered. Domingo saw and spoke:

"It is the only chance. They dare not follow here."

"It's the Malpais; the Evil Place," she said.

Then they rode forward steadily and calmly into the black horror.

"He is a long way off," said the leader of the regulators, halting and watching the morning specks ahead of him; "one cannot tell here how far. Distance cheats the eye—it lies to one."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked a long time toward the east, and again to the west, from which they had come.

ter was all gone now, and their mouths became dry and parched and cracked, so that they could not talk.

But the outlaw touched the girl gently now and then, and she answered him with a look of supreme content. She was willing to accept that which the saints should will.

Finally her horse stumbled and fell, and could not rise again. Domingo caught her in his arms.

"Leave me, and ride," she whispered.

But he only raised her to his own saddle, and the good Juan bore them both forward.

At last he, too, fell. Then Domingo laid the girl on the ground, and, kneeling beside his horse, called him by every endearing name, conjured him by all the dear saints to rise and carry them out of the black horror—out from that cursed place that had been named for the father of all evil—the Evil Place.

But the Malpais only clutched their lives the more.

He rose and lifted the girl in his arms and made forward as best he could. Weakly, blindly, staggering and sometimes falling, but always forward, with a strength born of despair.

"Leave me," the girl whispered again. "and save yourself."

But Domingo knew the awful journey was almost done. Before him, in the white moonlight, a mountain peak loomed dimly. How far it was he could not tell, but somewhere between him and it was water.

If he could only keep on a little longer they would be saved.

But even in the moonlight there does distance cheat the eye—does it still lie to one. Whenever he raised his head and looked across the plain to the mountain it seemed so far off, so unattainable, that his heart sank.

Still he struggled on through the long night. But just before day broke he fell and lay outstretched beside his burden on the black lava.

And then the sun came up and beat upon them, and they died.

An old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—ever the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

## "TOMB AND TEMPLE."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks on the Mausoleum of Taj Mahal.

The Most Beautiful Work of Art in the World, Where Repose the Remains of Queen Montaz-Shah Jehan's Black Tomb.

The following discourse, in continuation of his "Round the World" series, is given out by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage for publication this week. "Tomb and Temple" is its subject, being based on the text:

From India even unto Ethiopia.—Esther 1:1.

In a journey around the world it may not be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pilgrimage into halves. But there was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and, having seen that, we felt that if we saw nothing more our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj Mahal of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture met to enthroned a king, and the spirit of the Parthenon of Athens was there; and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there; and the spirit of St. Isaac of St. Petersburg was there; and the spirit of the Baptistery of Pisa was there; and the spirit of the Great Pyramid, and of Luxor Obelisk, and of the Porcelain Tower of Nanjing, and of St. Mark's of Venice; and the spirits of all the great towers, great cathedrals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, great capitols for the living, and of great necropolises for the dead, were there. And the presiding genius of the throng with gavel of Parian marble smote the table of Russian malachite, and called the throng of spirits to order and called for a vote as to which spirit should wear the chief crown, and mount the chief throne, and wave the chief scepter, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of the Taj, king of all the spirits of architecture! Thine is the Taj Mahal of India!"

The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we rode out in the early dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectation rose until we had some thought that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say they were disappointed. But how can any one be disappointed with the Tajis almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj itself. There are some people all ways disappointed, and who knows but that having entered Heaven they may criticize the architecture of the temple, and the cut of the white robes, and say that the River of life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a little spring-halt or spavined?

"My son said: 'There it is.' I said: 'Where?' For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like the morning cloud blushing under the stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven. Fortunately, you stop at an elaborated gateway of red sandstone one-eighth of a mile from the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four-domed, so painted, and chiseled, and scrolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye, and stun the imagination, and entrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gateway, and buy a few pictures and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend to the pavement of the garden that raptures everything between the gateway and the ecstasy of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fish swirl and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout and bend arch themselves to fall in showers of pearl in basins of snowy whiteness. Beds of all imaginable flora greet the nostrils before they do the eye, and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance towards the vision you are soon to have of what human genius did when it did its best; roses, flowers, lilacs, marigolds, tulips, and almost everywhere the lotus; thickets of bewildering bloom; on either side trees from many lands bend their arborescence over your head, or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms towards you in welcome. On and on you go amid tamarind, and egypt, and poplar, and oleander, and yew, and sycamore, and banyan, and palm, and trees of such novel branch and leaf and girth, you cease to ask their name or nativity. As you approach the door of the Taj one experiences a strange sensation of awe, and tenderness, and humility, and worship. The building is only a grave, but what a grave! Built for a queen, who, according to some, was very good, and according to others was very bad. At any rate, it makes me feel better to think that this com memorative pile was set up for the immortalization of virtue rather than vice. The Taj is a mountain of white marble, but never such walls faced each other with exquisiteness; never such a tomb was cut from block of alabaster; never such a congregation of precious stones, brightened and gloomed, and blazed, and chastened, and glorified a building since sculptors

chisel cut its first curve, or painter's pencil traced its first figure, or mason's plumb-line measured its first wall, or architect's compass swept its first circle.

The Taj has sixteen great arched windows, four at each corner. Also at each of the four corners of the Taj stands a minaret one hundred and thirty-seven feet high. Also at each side of this building is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall is cracked, nor a mosaic loosened, nor an arch sagged, nor a panel dulled. The storms of two hundred and fifty winters have not marred, nor the heats of two hundred and fifty summers disintegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Montaz, the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at twenty years of age and died at twenty-nine. Her life ended as another life began; as the rose bloomed the rose bush perished. To adorn this dormitory of the dead, at the command of the king Bagdad sent to this building its carnelian, and Ceylon its lapis lazuli, and Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Thibet its turquoise, and Lanka its sapphire, and Yemen its agate, and Punah its diamonds; and blood-stones, and sardonyx, and chalcedony, and moss agates are as common as though they were pebbles. You find one spray of vine beset with eighty, and another with one hundred stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it, and, although the labor was slave labor, and not paid for, the building cost what would be about sixty million dollars of our American money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the walls by iconoclasts or conquerors, and substitutes of less value have taken their places, but the vines, the traceries, the arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures are so wonderful that you feel like dating the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb beside the queen, although he intended to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to sleep in. Indeed, the foundation of such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black temple of the dead a bridge was to cross; but the son dethroned him and imprisoned him, and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to let in the light upon the two tombs, there is a trellis work of marble, marble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through glass. Look the world over and find so much translucency; canopies, traceries, lace work, embroideries of stone.

But I thought while looking at that palace for the dead, all this constructed to cover a handful of dust, but even that handful has probably gone from the mausoleum. How much better it would have been to expend sixty million dollars, which the Taj Mahal cost, for the living. What asylums it might build for the sick, what houses for the homeless! What improvement our century has made upon other centuries in lifting in honor of the departed memorial churches, memorial hospitals, memorial reading rooms, memorial observatories. By all possible means let us keep the memory of departed loved ones fresh in mind, and let there be an appropriate headstone or monument in the cemetery, but there is a dividing line between reasonable commemoration and wicked extravagance. The Taj Mahal has its uses as architectural achievement, eclipsing all other architecture, but as a memorial of a departed wife and mother it expresses no more than the plainest slab in many a country graveyard. The best monument we can any of us have built for us when we are gone is in the memory of those whose sorrows we have alleviated, in the wounds we have healed, in the kindnesses we have done, in the ignorance we have enlightened, in the recreant we have reclaimed, in the souls we have saved! Such a monument is built out of material more lasting than marble or bronze, and will stand amid the eternal splendors long after the Taj Mahal of India shall have gone down in the ruins of a world of which it was the costliest adornment. But I promised to show you not only a tomb of India, but a unique heathen temple, and it is a temple underground.

And now we come near the famous temple hewn from one rock of porphyry at least eight hundred years ago. On either side of the chief temple is a chapel, these cut out of the same stone. So vast was the undertaking, and to the Hindoo was so great the human impossibility that they say the gods scooped out the structure from the rock, and carved the pillars, and hewed its shape into gigantic idols, and dedicated it to all the grandeur. We climb many stone steps before we get to the gateway. The entrance to this temple has sculptured doorkeepers leaning on sculptured devils. How strange! But I have seen doorkeepers of churches and auditoriums who seemed to be leaning on the demons of bad ventilation and asphyxia. Doorkeepers ought to be leaning on the angel of health and comfort, and life. All the sextons and

janitors of the earth who have spoiled sermons and lectures, and poisoned the lungs of audiences by inefficiency ought to visit this cave of Elaphanta and beware of what these doorkeepers are doing, when instead of leaning on the angelic they lean on the demonic.

In these Elephanta caves everything is on a Samsonian and Titanian scale. With chisels that were dropped from nerveless hands at least eight centuries ago, the forms of the gods Brahma, and Vishnu, and Siva were cut into the everlasting rock. Siva is here represented by a figure sixteen feet nine inches high, one-half man and one-half woman. Run a line from the center of the forehead straight to the floor of the rock, and you divide this idol into masculine and feminine. Admired as the idol is by many, it was to me about the worst thing that was ever cut into porphyry, perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth so objectionable as a being half man and half woman. Do be one or the other, my hearer. Man is admirable, and woman is admirable, but either in flesh or trap rock a compromise of the two is hideous. Save us from effeminate men and masculine women.

That evening of our return to Bombay I visited the Young Men's Christian association with the same appointments that you find in the Young Men's Christian association of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a throng of native children who are in the schools of the Christian missions. Christian universities gather under their wing of benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, feel the elevating power of an aggressive Christianity. Episcopalian liturgy and Presbyterian Westminster catechism, and Methodist anxious seat, and Baptist waters of consecration now stand where once basest idolatries had undisputed sway. The work which Shoemaker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his worn-out body amid the natives whom he had come to save, and going up into the heavens from which he can better watch all the field—that work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India; and beside him, gazing from the same high places, stand Bishop Heber, and Alexander Duff, and John Scudder, and Mackay, who fell at Delhi, and Moncrieff, who fell at Cawnpore, and Polehampton, who fell at Lucknow, and Freeman, who fell at Futtyghur, and all the heroes and heroines who, for Christ's sake, lived and died for the christianization of India; and their Heaven will not be complete until the Ganges that washes the Ghats of heathen temples shall roll between churches of the living God, and the trampled womanhood of Hindooism shall have all the rights purchased by him who amid the cuts and stabs of his own assassination cried out: "Behold thy mother!" and from Bengal bay to Arabian ocean, and from the Himalayas to the coast of Coromandel there be lifted hosannas to Him who died to redeem all nations. In that day Elephanta cave will be one of the places where idols are "cast to the moles and bats." If any clergyman asks me, as an unbelieving minister of religion once asked the duke of Wellington, "Do you not think that the work of converting the Hindoos is all a practical farce?" I answer him as Wellington answered the unbelieving minister: "Look to your marching orders, sir!" Or if any one having joined in the gospel attack feels like retreating, I say to him, as Gen. Havelock said to a retreating regiment: "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the fight, though two horses had been shot under him.

Indeed, the taking of this world for Christ will be no holiday celebration, but as tremendous as when in India during the mutiny of 1857, a fortress manned by Sepoys was to be captured by Sir Colin Campbell and the army of Britain. The Sepoys hurled under the approaching columns burning missiles and grenades, and fired on them shot and shell, and poured on them from the ramparts burning oil, until, a writer who witnessed it says: "It was a picture of pandemonium." Then Sir Colin addressed his troops, saying: "Remember the women and children must be rescued!" and his men replied: "Ay! Ay! Sir Colin! We stood by you at Balaklava, and will stand by you here." And then came the triumphal assault of the battlements. So is the gospel campaign which proposes capturing the very last citadel of idolatry and sin, and hoisting over it the banner of the Cross, we may have hurled upon us mighty opposition and scorn and obloquy, and many may fall before the work is done, yet at every call for new onset let the cry of the church be, "Ay! Ay! Great Captain of our salvation; we stood by thee in other conflicts, and we will stand by thee to the last!" And then, if not in this world, then from the battlements of the next, as the last Apollyonic fortification shall crash into ruin, we will join in the shout: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

—Buskins were high boots, made of velvet or other cloth, and worn by ladies, and by ecclesiastics when celebrating the rites of the church.

## EARNEST MUSICIANS.

They Had Their Own Ideas About the Rendition of Pieces.

Dr. Stephen Elvey, who did so much to render the chanting of the Psalms intelligible in the church service by "pointing" them, was absorbed in his subject. His pockets were filled with bits of paper bearing verses from the Psalms in different forms and with different readings, and these he used to discuss with anyone likely to be interested or to afford him help.

One summer he paid a visit to Windsor, and a friend of his says that he can remember Dr. Elvey's pulling up suddenly in one of the streets of the town, and to the astonishment of the passers-by asking him, in anything but a whisper:

"What is a *mansepeet*?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I; but when chanted the error of putting the accent in *man*, instead of *peet*, is almost universal, and is an instance of the nonsense made of Scripture through careless reading and indifferent punctuation!"

The verse to which he had reference runs: "Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Once, when Sir George Elvey was conducting a rehearsal of the "Messiah," one of the singers finished her solo with an elaborate cadenza. Sir George waited until the end, and then asked:

"What's that? Don't you think if Handel had wanted that he would have written it?"

"Oh," said the lady, "we always do it that way in London."

"Never mind," said he. "Here Handel shall have it in his way, so please sing it as it is written."—Youth's Companion.

Infinite Satisfaction.

Bignon, the Paris restaurateur, acquired a large fortune, and his wife carried on the business after his death. It is of this time that the story is told of a poor journalist who was seen in the restaurant eating a small plate of strawberries at a season when the fruit was so expensive as to be an extravagance even for the rich. An acquaintance saw the wretched penny-a-liner and smiled significantly. "Yes," said the journalist, "I know I shall have to pay ten francs for these, but the sight of that woman at the counter, who is worth two millions, picking over strawberries for me, who hasn't got three lous in the world, gives me such an amount of satisfaction that the berries are worth it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Good Substitute.

Nelson's attachment to his friends was as ardent as his courage. When he was presented to King George the Third at his levee his majesty congratulated him on his great actions; after this eulogium, he condescended with him on the loss of his arm. Nelson turned round to Capt. Berry, who had been the companion of many of his exploits, and introduced him to the king, with this remark: "My loss, I assure your majesty, is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Nelson's attachment to his friends was as ardent as his courage. When he was presented to King George the Third at his levee his majesty congratulated him on his great actions; after this eulogium, he condescended with him on the loss of his arm. Nelson turned round to Capt. Berry, who had been the companion of many of his exploits, and introduced him to the king, with this remark: "My loss, I assure your majesty, is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Nelson's attachment to his friends was as ardent as his courage. When he was presented to King George the Third at his levee his majesty congratulated him on his great actions; after this eulogium, he condescended with him on the loss of his arm. Nelson turned round to Capt. Berry, who had been the companion of many of his exploits, and introduced him to the king, with this remark: "My loss, I assure your majesty, is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Nelson's attachment to his friends was as ardent as his courage. When he was presented to King George the Third at his levee his majesty congratulated him on his great actions; after this eulogium, he condescended with him on the loss of his arm. Nelson turned round to Capt. Berry, who had been the companion of many of his exploits, and introduced him to the king, with this remark: "My loss, I assure your majesty, is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand."—San Francisco Argonaut.